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FROM THE MUSTY PAST.

MANY SUPERSTITIONS ROOTED IN
OLD PAGAN BELIEFS.

Clinging to the Ignorance of the Past as well as to its Wisdom—The Unlucky Day—The Barking Dog—Cutting Nails and Hair by the Moon.

I want now to look with a little more particularity into the origin of some of our superstitions. I have already told you, in a general way, what I now wish to emphasize, that the largest part of them are modern survivals of old native myths and pagan religions. That the old world is still vital in us we are giving evidence every day of our lives. Our common speech is full of traces of old beliefs, just as the rocks under our feet are full of fossils and tracks of creatures long since extinct. Our carnivals, Mardi Gras and Lent; our Christmas trees, yule logs, gift making, mistletoe boughs and evergreens; our New Year and May-day festivals; our Easter rejoicings, Easter eggs and carols; all of these are thousands of years old and have their sources in all nations and all religions. The peasants of the old world still kindle their bonfires which across the darkness of the centuries flame out an answering signal to the old Phoenicians; and they were kindled at the still more antique fires of the older Persians; and even these last are only modern representations of the old fire of the first world's ships, who, in far off dimness of the years, first made an earth a fire in honor of their heavenly god, the sun. The past, then, where is it? It is all about us and in us; its vision not only, but its folly. We clothe ourselves in its robes of wisdom, and we still gather about us the tattered and grotesque rags of its ignorance.

WHY FRIDAY IS AN UNLUCKY DAY. We will now particularize just a little. Why should Friday be now regarded as an unlucky day? Nobody ever proved it so. As many facts against the notion can be found as those that favor it. Only if people get a fancy in their heads, they always forget the times when their fancy misses fire, and only remember when it hits. Is there anything in the nature of one day in the week to make it differ from others? Nothing. All days equally are caused by the turning of the earth on its axis, and thus bringing its different sides successively toward the sun. Suppose we should begin a new count, and call Wednesday Monday, and so on, would Friday, when we got to it, still be unlucky? No, friends, the reason is here. In one of the old forms of paganism—this relic of which is still to be seen in the day of the week—Friday, the day was dedicated to Freya, the Pagan Venus. Christianity naturally cursed the day and its worship, which was corrupt and corrupting. So poor Freya's day was given up to a fish diet and ill-fortune. I wonder they kept the fish, for it was sacred to Freya, and this is the reason why Friday is fish day still.

Saturday used to be the unlucky day—Saturday day, and hence the name. And as Saturn was always a gloomy and gloomy day, and hence the name. Saturday used to be the unlucky day—Saturday day, and hence the name. And as Saturn was always a gloomy and gloomy day, and hence the name. Saturday used to be the unlucky day—Saturday day, and hence the name. And as Saturn was always a gloomy and gloomy day, and hence the name.

THE WILD HUNSMAN'S DOG. Take one more illustration. It is still a bad sign for the dog to bark at night under the window. It portends a death in the family. I haven't time to go into this at length, but this is a remnant of the old myth of Odin, the wild hunter. John represents Jesus as saying that he would come to his disciples at death and receive them to himself. In all ages and in all religions it has been believed that at death the father of the tribe as the god of the dead came for and led away his followers to the land of the departed. This faith has assumed a thousand shapes. Odin used to be the god of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Under the name of Woden we still have his name in our day of the week, Wednesday—Wodan's day.

In the dark nights when the storm was up and a rushing of winds could be heard through the groaning tree tops, the frightened peasants fancied they heard the rush of the Wild Huntsman's troops, accompanied by shrieking specters and hurrying horses and baying dogs. To pick up one of the horseshoes was lucky, for, as lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, he wouldn't be likely to pass that way soon again. But to hear the barking of one kind of dog meant that the death call had come. Odin is forgotten except by scholars; but his horseshoe is remembered for luck, and his dog's bark at night still makes us tremble.

Another origin of many superstitions is to be found in fanciful analogies or ignorant interpretations of nature, or mere coincidences of color or form. For instance, why cut the hair or nails on the increase of the moon? A mere fanciful connection with the idea that as the moon grows so other things would grow also. The witch supposed that as her wax figures melted and wasted away before the fire, so the man it represented would waste away. Here is the origin of the famous cures for warts we used to know as boys. Rub a bean on them and throw it away, and as the bean decayed the warts would go away. Or if another boy picked it up he would pick up the warts along with it. All the other cures were of a like kind. The middle ages were full of such medicine as this, even among grave and learned men. It still survives among old women. Because the mandrake root was forked, and supposed to resemble a man, it was conceived to possess remarkable curative powers.—Rev. M. J. Savage in Boston Globe.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, having furnished a satisfactory explanation to the emperor of Austria on the subject of his marriage, which is a perfectly legal one, has received permission to take up his residence at Graz, and in the course of a few months will receive a high command in the Austrian army.

THE VIRTUES OF JOB'S TEARS.

Job's Tears for Sale, is the legend displayed in the window of an up town drug store.

What are Job's Tears, and what are they used for? Inquired a curious reporter, whose eyes fell upon the inscription. The druggist in reply exhibited a small pasteboard box. The box looked like other boxes, suggestive of pills and other uncomfortable things, but when the top was removed a number of small, bead like seeds were exposed. They were about the size of pea beans and shaped like Prince Rupert's drops. "These are Job's Tears," said the pill compounder. "You see they are shaped as a tear is supposed to be. They are the seeds of a small, grass-like plant that is a native of India but grows now largely in New England. It is a common plant, but somehow, year by year, the seeds seem to be growing scarcer; that is, they are harder to obtain in the market. And year by year the demand for them has increased among a certain class of people. Have they any medicinal properties? Well, only so far as the gratification of a whim may be attended with good results.

"Sometime ago back in the shadowy past, some grandma started the story that these pearls, if strung like beads and hung about an infant's neck during the teething period, would make that operation a mild and pleasant pastime, in fact almost a joy forever to the child. I cannot say whether this is true or not, yet I know that lots of young mothers buy Job's Tears, and say that with their assistance it is really a pleasure for the baby to introduce its molars to the world. Job suffered enough to be of vicarious assistance to the little ones, to say the least, and there may be something in the whim.—Baltimore News.

CAUGHT BY AN EAGLE.

As a southern railroad train was sweeping round a curve, near Chattanooga, the fireman espied an enormous bald eagle on the track, and before the bird could fly the engine was upon him. He was struck and lifted upon the cow catcher, where he clung to a beam with his great big claws, and held fast. Before he had time to recover from his fright and the shock of the collision, the fireman had climbed along the footway and attacked him. The man was determined to take him prisoner and the eagle was equally determined not to be captured.

The struggle was something unique and terrible. The train was going at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. The man had to hold by one hand with all his power to one of the iron girders below the engine, and with the other he kept the engine swayed from side to side and bounded over the inequalities of the track, while he managed the eagle with the other hand.

But his birdship was finally secured after he had nearly lost his life. He was able to hold him by his powerful talons, which were fully four inches long. He was carried back over the footway, fighting like a demon.

The fireman said, and by hard work they tied "the king of the upper ether" securely, though their task was no easy one, as the eagle fought savagely with beak and claws as long as one of his captors' wrists. When tied he spread out on the cab floor, and found to measure seven feet from tip to tip of the wings. When fully erect he stood nearly two feet high, and was altogether a splendid specimen. —Youth's Companion.

THE CABMEN'S SHELTERS. In the little pocket book which the late Emperor Frederick took when he visited the queen's palace in Berlin, there is a note which reads: "The ambulance arrangements on the day of the jubilee, the drinking troughs for dogs and horses and the cabmen's shelters in the streets of London." It was his habit to jot down whatever he saw or felt, and the cabmen's shelters which he thought might be advantageously introduced into Germany.

All over rainy, foggy London at convenient distances are cab stands where hansom and four wheelers wait in a row for patrons. Until the erection of the shelters the cabmen were obliged to seek refuge from cold and damp except behind the apron of his cab. These "shelters" stand directly in the middle of the streets, and with their rows of little windows all around look more like playhouses for children than establishments for the comfort of cabmen. They are picturesque little wooden buildings, all over gables and miniature balconies from which are suspended hanging plants. Plants also blossom in pots in the shelter. Here the cabman can not only warm his benumbed fingers, but can get a hot steak and a steaming cup of tea; so a policeman told me one morning on the top of the omnibus as we trundled along by the cabmen's shelter on Regent street.—April Wake Awake.

TASTING WITHOUT A TONGUE. There exists a mistaken notion that the tongue is the sole organ of taste; just as the idea, natural but erroneous, is extant among the vulgar, that the nose is the organ of smell. As a matter of fact, taste is as largely resident in the palate as in the tongue, while numerous cases are on record in which persons who have suffered the loss of the tongue have been able to speak with clearness. Recently a proof was given of the widespread nature of the taste sense in the mouth. In a patient from whom the tongue had been very completely removed, it was found that sensations of sweet, sour and bitter were not lost. Curiously, too, no sense of salt taste remained. These facts would almost seem to prove that various parts of tongue and palate are set apart for the appreciation of different "tastes." This idea supports the fact that the tongue possesses on its surface papillae or taste organs of different shapes and sizes. It is consistent to assume that such variations in the ends of the nerves of taste imply variations in their functions.—New York Telegram.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Widow and Widower United After Thirty Years Separation.

A few of the privileged ones were the witnesses last Monday afternoon of the culmination of a very romantic episode at the depot of the Arizona and New Mexico railway. It was the marriage of W. H. Vance, mining expert of the Greenlee Gold Mountain Mining Company, to Mrs. S. S. Follins, of London, Ohio.

Thirty years ago Dr. Vance and Miss Johnson pledged themselves to each other. Shortly afterward the doctor left for the west to find a location for the practice of his profession, intending to return as soon as he had become established and claim his affianced. Circumstances of different kinds prevented the doctor's return longer than anticipated. Meanwhile the wife was taken ill and died, leaving a young son, Harry, and a daughter, Miss Johnson, who was then a child. The doctor, however, never knew of the whereabouts of the other. Thus matters stood until December last, when the doctor met an old friend in Clinton, Missouri, who was acquainted with all the circumstances of the past and also knew that the doctor's old sweetheart was a widow and so informed him. A correspondence at once began between the couple, resulting in the coming to Arizona of the lady and the fulfillment of the pledges made so long ago.

Dr. Vance, who is at present acting as physician for the Arizona Copper Company, during the absence of Dr. Vance, could not leave to meet Mrs. Follins, but instead sent his son Harry to Duncan for that purpose.

Upon the arrival of the train at Florence, the car was boarded by the impatient groom and a number of lady and gentlemen friends of the doctor. With no preliminaries beyond an affectionate greeting between the long-separated lovers, the marriage ceremony was at once proceeded with, and the happy twain made one, Justice officiating. Congratulations were next in order, after which Dr. and Mrs. Vance proceeded to the Clinton Hotel, where they will reside till after Dr. Vance's return, when the former will go to the Greenlee Gold Mountain company's property and start the mill. The newly married couple expect to return to Ohio in the fall.

Dr. Vance has one son 17 years old, and a daughter 11 years of age, whom she left at school in Ohio.—Clifton Clarion.

ARIZONA'S CATTLEMEN will not be at the mercy of the big four this year. It has become fashionable in our sister territory to sell steers to northern buyers and thus avoid shipping to Chicago. The importance of Arizona as a stock raising country is now being underestimated. The cattle industry may be estimated from the fact that at least seventeen thousand head of steers, two years old and upwards, have been shipped within the past twelve months to chiefly northern and eastern markets. This is a new departure, from the fact that heretofore, all cattle shipments have been made to California. This spring, however, buyers from Montana and Kansas have stripped the ranges, all of whom speak in the highest terms of the country. The importance of Arizona as a stock raising country is now being underestimated. The cattle industry may be estimated from the fact that at least seventeen thousand head of steers, two years old and upwards, have been shipped within the past twelve months to chiefly northern and eastern markets. This is a new departure, from the fact that heretofore, all cattle shipments have been made to California. This spring, however, buyers from Montana and Kansas have stripped the ranges, all of whom speak in the highest terms of the country.

POLITICAL PROVERBS. Tain't so much the work that a patriot wants to do for his country as it is the pay he gets for doing it. Patriotism ain't no good on an empty stomach.

The American Eagle don't hold no office.

Some men is patriotic enough to hold two offices of the law allowed them.

Some men thinks they can be working patriots without practicing up for it.

A patriot that loves his country hates to risk its interests in anybody's hands but his own.

I don't notice that a female patriot is any less anxious to suffer on her country's behalf than a male patriot.

The population of this state and glorious republic of ours is 99 per cent. patriotism.

There is some men in the nation that would sell the Star-Spangled banner at a shilling a yard and tere it is—Washington Critic.

PINAL MINING CAMPS.

What the Citizen Correspondent Saw in His Travels.

(Corr. Tucson Citizen.)

REYMENT MINE, June 12, 1889. I arrived at the future mining camp to-day, from Florence. If all that has been said about this camp is true, it will be a boss indeed. The Reymont mines were located about seven years ago, by J. Noon Reymont, and the place has heretofore been known as DeNoon, though now it is generally spoken of as Reymont. A 20 stamp mill was erected here three years ago, since which time the mine has not been able to run during the dry season, and was shut down two weeks ago on that account. However, the machinery is now at work boring a well for water. The water used heretofore has been from surface wells, which furnish an abundance of water for eight months in the year, but go virtually dry when the rains cease. The mine is said to be the largest in the territory, and enough ore is known to exist to run a mill for years. It is said that a seventy stamp mill may be put in operation if sufficient water is obtained. A failure to secure water here would probably result in the removal of the mill to the river. Mr. Harry Blauvelt is here. He was formerly with J. D. Walker & Co., at the Verde. He has charge of the assaying business.

There are now about 27 men in the camp, and they are a good-natured crowd and know how to treat a stranger. No whiskey is allowed to be sold here, and the company will not permit saloons on their property. Over at the mine, two miles from here, there are two saloons.

Mr. John Woollores, formerly of Pinal, is here, and keeps a stable and corral. He has some good horses, and expects to do a good business when the camp assumes activity.

The well is being bored by McKenzie and Reynolds, the well-known Tucson well-borers. They have the contract at so much per foot.

Leroy Tucker, an old time Arizona miner, is here. He has been unsuccessful in some of his operations in the past, but has plenty of staying qualities at 74 years of age. He is assisting in boring the well.

The blacksmith shop is under the skillful care of Frank O'Neal, another well-known mill man in the territory. Reymont is 25 miles from Florence and 13 miles from Silver King. The road now across the desert from Florence is very hot, but here the elevation keeps the thermometer down to a respectable point.

Not far from here is the Mineral Hill district, where is located some splendid mining properties. Mr. C. W. Tillman, of Florence, owns a splendid group of mines in this section, known as the "Timekeeper," "Grizzly" and "Green Brier." On the "Timekeeper" shaft has been sunk 90 feet with a 30 foot drill, and on the Grizzly a 30 foot tunnel has been run in with a 20 foot drill, and showing a good galeena ore carrying some gold. There is an abundance of living water here for working these mines, and if they are developed will yield heavy profits. Mr. Tillman is not able to operate these mines, and has never yet tried to induce capitalists to take hold of them.

The Reymont Company is reputed to have plenty of capital, and it is believed that this camp will be as large as the King ever was.

Mr. William Steffy of Pinal is building a saloon near here, just across the company's property line, and will move his saloon from Pinal, furnishing this camp with beer, as well as Silver King.

SILVER KING, June 12, '89. There is nothing to write from Silver King. There are about 28 men at work in the mine, but they don't know what they are doing. If they don't work they won't tell. The superintendent, Mr. Comstock, is a very pleasant gentleman, but I don't know anything concerning the Silver King, or its workings would have to come from Mr. W. S. Lyle, the manager. A boiler and engine has recently been put to work in the mine, but what it is doing no one knows. The company evidently expect to strike something somewhere, or they would not continue the work. Only one saloon is now running in the place, and the proprietor of that has already loosened his anchorage, and if the camp goes down another peg or two he will be off to the Reymont, whether all eyes are turned.

The Reymont mines were visited to-day by the wandering reporter. They are situated one mile and a half from DeNoon, or the Reymont mill, where I wrote you last. I walked to the mine, up one side and down the other of an immense mountain. There was a Mexican just ahead of me all the way up the hill, riding a burro, but he did not invite me to ride, and we reached the top of the mountain, as if he had tantalized me enough, rode off towards a mining claim on the side of a mountain. At the mines considerable activity was manifested. Several new buildings are going up. Messrs. Williams and McQueen have a very nice saloon; Mr. Steffy, formerly of Pinal, is building another, and will move it to it in a few days. Besides these several substantial residences are being erected. Messrs. Knight and Curry have a creditable stock of merchandise in a good new frame building and Mr. J. H. Brown presides over the Reymont house. The Reymont property consists of seven claims of 1500 feet each, running north and south, the camp being located on the claim nearest the south. The foreman of the mine was met and accompanied into the mine. The tunnel is now over 500 feet into the mountain and after a few feet in the mouth is passed the balance is all in ore, and a large amount has been stowed out and run through the mill. Three men only are at work on this claim but two other claims are also being worked. The ore in all the seven claims is the same and shows a continuous ledge, the width of which is known to be immense. The bullion produced of this ore is of superior quality and the ore is not low grade by any means. The Reymont mine will be a great property, but it will take considerable time to determine whether the ore will be re-

duced at the mines or at the river twelve miles away. That question will be determined by the success attained in boring for water.

Pinal was the next point visited to-day. It is a small town, and somewhat looking place now. At one time it was one of the liveliest little towns in Arizona. The people are nearly all gone now and the business houses are all empty with the exception of a hotel, store, shoe shop, blacksmith shop and a saloon. A few old timers of the camp still hang on and are living on the faith that is in them, to wit: that they will strike it in the King and that very soon, when they will see the beloved town of Pinal come to the front larger and more prosperous. Mr. Steffy who closed his saloon at DeNoon moved to Reymont. "Do you know that I am absolutely sick at the idea of leaving this camp. I have been here a long time and made lots of money, much of which has been put into mining claims in the vicinity. These old vacant houses are dear to me and I hate to go away, and something tells me that I ought to stay and at night I think about whether tomorrow will bring the good news that they will strike it in the King."

Such is the feeling among the people now left in Pinal. One old fellow, that has been in the camp from the first and who was an old 49er in California said:

"Was this a good camp once? Well you'd thought so about four years ago. Everything was on the rack, the mill a tootin', the stamps a fallin', the roasters a rollin', and the men a workin'. The houses on Main street were ablaze with biz them days. You bet! Poor old Pinal!"

"Then every merchant was a spreadin', the saloon keepers a smilin', the blacksmiths a strikin', the shoe-makers a puggin', the barbers a scrapin', the faro dealer a 'cassin' and the 'tin horn' a rustlin', but Poor old Pinal!"

You see these old rusty wagons standin' up there by the blacksmith shop, well they were all movin' then and it was a grand sight to my eyes to see 'em comin' down Main street, four of them with twenty-four mules—the wagons a rumblin', the mules a pullin', and the drivers a cussin'. But pshaw! what's the use talkin'! Yes! I'll take somethin'! Been here 11 years and no one can say as ever I took a shingle off a barkeeper's roof."

Late in the evening a fire broke out, the blacksmith and ore postmaster all got on the street with bats and a ball. They would throw the ball up in the air and hit it as it came down. It seemed good sport to them and as I climbed on the stage they were still at it.

Another conflagration visits Flagstaff. On Tuesday night between ten and eleven o'clock citizens were aroused from their slumbers by the fire alarm, when it was discovered that the Jordan Mercantile establishment in Milton was in flames. The citizens of Flagstaff and Milton turned out and rushed on horseback to the scene of the conflagration, and soon learned that the building was too far gone to be saved. They then turned their attention to the buildings near by, and by heroic work saved the residences of F. W. Sisson and D. M. Jordan, and the mill company's office and commissary by applying the heavy hose of the mill company. The A. & P. railroad company furnished an engine of water which aided materially in saving the above mentioned buildings. We are informed that the house and stock were worth from \$20,000 to forty-five thousand dollars, with an insurance covering \$15,000. Scarcely anything was saved. Cause of the fire is unknown. This great loss is deplored by all, as it falls heavily upon the company.—Flagstaff Democrat.

This, from an unknown contemporary, is not bad: "Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my watch." "Whisky? Oh, no, times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—Ribbons, jewelry, ornaments and trinkets? No, no; not those, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—Tobacco, cigars and snuff? Not those, at all, but I believe I can save a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—Tea, coffee and unhealthy luxuries? No, no, not those. I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs \$2 a year. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brain."

Yuma County Cinnabar. The report that a well defined ledge of cinnabar has been discovered a few miles east of the Horse Tanks, is good news to the people of this section. For years it has been known that we had cinnabar ore in the County, notably near La Paz and west of the Horse Tanks, but the ore was of too low grade to work and the seams very narrow. From what is already known of the new strike it gives reason to believe that another valuable factor has been added to the great mineral wealth of Yuma County. The working of cinnabar mines in the Territory means cheap quick silver for the miners of Arizona not only adding to our prosperity but theirs as well.—Yuma Sentinel.

The Mammoth Gold Mining Company, Limited, has been organized in London with a capital of £500,000, shares £1 each, to purchase the properties known as the Mammoth, Mars, Raven and Remnant, and the Santa Catalina mill site, and all J. Doyle's right, title and interest in certain mines known as Remnant Extension, Jenny Lind, Nightingale and Mammoth Wedge, with all rights and property thereto, and all the buildings, structures, machinery, implements and personal property upon the said premises.—Silver Belt.

Stray Horse. CAME INTO THE ENCLOSURE OF THE SUB-SCHIEF at his ranch on the north side of the city river near Florence, on June 11th, a dark bay horse, about 14 hands high, left hip and horse shoe on left shoulder, with some horse cut, white face, brown left shoulder. The owner is advised to prove property, pay charges, and take said animal away.

H. N. ALEXANDER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Irvine Building, Phoenix, Arizona.

Dr. ALBERT S. ADLER

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